

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1913.

AS HE THINKS IN HIS HEART,
SO IS HE.

In a violent speech before the Administrative Board yesterday, Carlton McCarthy advocated the use of poison, cyanide and assassination against the owners and editors of The Times-Dispatch. The anger of Mr. McCarthy was roused by articles in The Times-Dispatch urging the Administrative Board to prompt and more efficient measures in dealing with the typhoid situation.

The steps urged by The Times-Dispatch had already been recommended by Health Officer Levy. The danger has been recognized and admitted by the Administrative Board itself, and by the Richmond Academy of Medicine and Surgery.

In the face of such findings, Mr. McCarthy's views are negligible.

But what of his expressions? What of his intemperance and advocacy of the methods of McNamara, a convicted felon? What of his official demand for poison and his personal threat of murder?

Under the laws of Virginia there may be no way by which Mr. McCarthy can be impeached or removed from office for such incendiary language. But can any one think that a man capable of such thought and such expression is fit to be charged with responsibility for the lives and property of a great city?

"As he thinks in his heart, so is he."

OUR AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

The report of the past successful season of the Richmond Philharmonic Orchestra must be very gratifying both to members of this growing organization and to its well-wishers and supporters among the music-loving public. The concert itself proved the excellence of the talents held by the club and the increased attendance and resultant financial success show a lively interest in our amateur musicians, and hold a fine promise for the future. We congratulate Richmond on having such a worthy musical enterprise, and urge the heartiest co-operation for its enlargement and for the attaining of higher artistic excellence.

It is to be desired that the amateur nature of the orchestra be in large part maintained. We do not think the day absolutely remote when Richmond will be able to support professional orchestra music in occasional concerts. Yet the visits of such bodies should in no wise interfere with the development of local talent, but act as a stimulus to better work. It seems possible also that the amateur might be helped by the addition of professional services in certain parts of the orchestra. With increased funds the hiring of a few men for instruments not generally practiced by amateurs would be readily possible, and such would add body and stability to the whole plan. Intelligent endeavors might result in the importation and support of such players as might find other work, musical or professional, and so be able to lend a helping hand to the orchestra.

The real value of this club is that it makes music a matter of everyday life, and encourages the artistic spirit already in the community. The players learn to love great music, and to join in making it, and they exert a wholesome musical influence over their friends. They participate in the production of pleasure for the community, and this is a fact to be proud of with reason.

We understand the Philharmonic is seeking to secure the financial and personal assistance of patrons for its coming season. Its present insignificant character is to be supplemented by the subscription of a small amount, say \$5, from those who may feel willing to help music. This is an excellent plan for insuring financial stability. We trust that the club may be made up of men who will be ready to help a community group in its endeavor to bring the love and practice of fine music.

A COMMUNITY REFORM CLUB.

Reform movements often take first and strongest root in small communities. In fact, the progress of a new idea may be initiated in its growth in such places. It is so in the case of tax reform. Public opinion is being better organized in some of our little country towns than in some of our cities.

The Lacey Springs Tax Reform Club is one of a number of similar civic associations in the communities of Rockingham County. It has held a number of meetings, at which plain men have spoken plainly on conditions that need to be remedied. Last Tuesday night this organization met, adopted a platform and criticized the Board of Supervisors for voting an increase of \$100 a year to the Commonwealth's attorney.

The club declares that the rate of the State tax should decrease correspondingly with the increased assessment of taxation, and that the rate levied to the county or local taxes should be

creased in like manner; "that we oppose double taxation where real estate or personal property is sold, bonds being executed as part payment, purchaser to pay on unpaid portion, owner of bonds to pay on unpaid portion, and that in addition to their license, merchants should pay on capital invested only; that when assessed a taxpayer's total indebtedness should be deducted."

In the interest of economy and retrenchment, the organization thinks that "the expense of State and county government could be decreased by curtailing as to some officers and the curtailment of the salaries of others;" that in the case of county treasurers, the supervisors should be empowered to increase or decrease the salaries or should pay 5 per cent for handling the first \$25,000, 4 per cent for the second \$25,000, 2 per cent for the third \$25,000, and 1 per cent for any amount above \$75,000; "that the clerk, Commonwealth's attorney and sheriff be paid simply a reasonable salary fixed by the Board of Supervisors, and that the fees now collected by these officers become the property of the county or State."

Finally, proclaims the club, "we will support for the next Legislature, without regard to party affiliation, only those who are in hearty sympathy with us and who will use their best efforts to procure the needed reforms above named, this being strictly a business matter, in which all taxpayers are interested and which we regard as the paramount issue now before the people of Virginia."

If concert of action as to needed reforms in Virginia is to be had, it must come through the State-wide formation of organizations similar to that devised by the people of Lacey Springs. It is through such organized public opinion that the people can secure beneficial and progressive changes; it is the most effective method of swift, popular protest.

FACTS THAT CONCERN DEATH.

The Administrative Board of the city of Richmond should this day order the installation of a hypochlorite purifying plant in the water system to safeguard the citizens against the menace of typhoid. The Health Department of the city urges this action; the Health Department of Virginia urges this action; the medical fraternity of Richmond urges this action; the defenseless people demand this action from the men they have chosen to protect their lives.

These are the reasons:

There are an undue number of cases of typhoid in this city, and the consensus of expert and authoritative opinion is that the water supply may be in part the cause. The water is not proved impure, but such grave doubts as to its purity exists in scientific minds that all precautions are justified.

Any delay is dangerous. Prompt action will remove the one chance in a million that may mean an epidemic of suffering and death.

There is no reason why such a plant should not be provided. It will not be expensive, though in such a grave emergency money is the last fact to be considered. It will not affect the quality or palatability of the water. It will destroy the germs whence comes typhoid fever.

The people can boil their water, and should follow this medical advice temporarily. Yet why should the trouble and expense of purification be shifted to the citizens by their chosen representatives, who can by a simple measure remove all danger? It is cheaper and safer to purify the community water at its source.

The Administrative Board has no excuse for delay. Save the opinions of laymen, and its own willingness to gamble with death. There is no need to wait for more definite information than the solemn statements of the highest authorities in this country that lives are risked by failure to install this plant.

The city of Richmond is being injured by the suspicion cast upon its water. This suspicion must not be kept secret or made light of. We want the fullest publicity, and such action as will answer all charges.

The disinterested nobility of the medical profession in fighting disease when such disease means its financial emolument is not new, but it sets for the Administrative Board a high standard of public service that should subordinate any small pride or petty jealousy.

The Times-Dispatch calls again on the board, in the name of the innocent lives in their charge, to take the last measure against even the remotest chance of a deadly disease. For almost a week an emergency has existed that called for the quickest and most efficient action. The board has furnished and delayed. Yet this board was chosen for its possibilities of prompt action. Its very ideal should be to cut through to the heart of a dangerous menace. Now is the hour for these men to prove that the board is an efficient and trustworthy instrument for public good, and that all other considerations are submerged in the desire to help Richmond.

These facts hold in their death itself. We do not exaggerate or minimize conditions. We state the truth. Action is the only answer.

TWO TARRIERS IN BRITAIN.

"How strange runs the fortune of life," says Dr. Ben C. Broughton, the North Carolina Baptist preacher, who has become pastor of Christ Church in London, and who writes in the Raleigh News and Observer that lately he was a guest of the Pilgrims' Society in London at the dinner given in honor of Dr. Walter B. Page, American ambassador to the court of St. James. "I am not intending to address a thought of the fact that we have been within three miles of each other in Wake County, N. C. He was born in Cary, and I first saw him five years ago on the red hills of old North Carolina. My soul was drawn to the earnest, kindly, and I could scarcely refrain from saying to him, 'You are a man of the future.'"

while we were born so close to each other, we met for the first time in this far-off land. Surely this is a strange providence."

As a North Carolinian, and a Wake County man at that, Dr. Broughton declares that he is "proud beyond expression." Most North Carolinians are, and they have right to be. The Tarheel State has never loomed to the front industrially as some of the other States of the South, but she has loomed to the front in the sons that she has given to the world; to say nothing about her daughters, who are none the less great; their greatness has expressed itself in their husbands and their sons. Moreover, Dr. Broughton says that when he meditated upon Ambassador Page and upon Secretary of the Navy Joseph Daniels and upon Chairman Simmons, of the Senate Finance Committee—North Carolinians all—he was moved "to thank God for the Old North State," and he could "scarcely refrain from singing 'The Old North State Forever' for the sturdy men and women who compose the rank and file of North Carolina's people should be an inspiration to any man, at home or abroad. The fact is, the further we are away, the greater the inspiration."

With reference to Ambassador Page's policy in England, his compatriot says that "he may not attempt the social service rendered by his distinguished predecessor, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, but he will do perhaps a service which he never did. He will represent the solid constituency that lies back of him in a thoroughly democratic way, which will be in itself a service that will do much at the present time to place the United States before the world in a most important way. There is a feeling in the minds of many wise people that the most needy lesson for the present age among all nations is sane and economical living on the part of individuals and governments. We believe that Dr. Page has set his face in this direction, and all over England, among Englishmen and Americans alike, there is general rejoicing and hopeful anticipation that his service in this direction will be the means of speeding this long-needed blessing."

PRESIDENT WILSON'S FIRST BLUNDER.

Taking heed, not for the future, but for the present, President Wilson yesterday signed the sundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriates \$200,000 for the uses of the department of justice with the proviso that no part of the sum shall be expended in enforcing the Sherman antitrust law against labor unions and farmers' associations. The immediate effect of stamping this proposition with the seal of law may be little, but eventually it may have the gravest and most evil consequences. It involves a vicious principle and intrenches it in the law of the land.

The restrictive proviso obviously effects by indirection what no one would have attempted to accomplish directly. The issue was not whether the requirements and penalties of the Sherman act should be applied to labor as well as to capital. If Congress deemed it wise and just that certain bodies should form combinations which certain other bodies were not allowed to form, the Sherman law should have been amended explicitly and directly. As that statute stands, however, its language applies to all combinations, without regard to their character and without discrimination. It comes about, then, that Congress, instead of amending the Sherman antitrust law, has through the unrighteous method of a rider to an appropriation bill, ordered that the law shall not be enforced against two specified classes of combinations. To illustrate the working of the principle, let us suppose that the General Assembly of Virginia first passed a State-wide prohibition law, and then in the appropriation bill supplying the funds necessary to carry out the provisions of such a law expressly stipulated that no money so appropriated should be used for the prosecution of violators of the act in Richmond and Norfolk. The effect would be to suspend a State-wide law in two cities, an effect which might be accomplished only by amending the State-wide law itself. When the measure came before President Taft he refused to sign it, perceiving the wrong it sought to establish. He firmly maintained the equality of all men before the law, that equality which is the chief defense against injustice and the oppression of the weak.

The plea which the President sets up in justification of his course is the obvious one. If his contention that the proviso will work no injustice in practice holds true, the fact will not excuse his violation of a fundamental principle of that democracy, out of which our laws arise. He has set up a dangerous precedent, and precedents are hard to unmake. He has intrenched deep into our jurisprudence the principle of amendment by indirection. He has countenanced legislative evasion and given aid and comfort to political jugglers of the law. He has blazed the way for his successors in office, who will justify themselves by treading the path that he has trod. Even if every labor and agricultural combination in the nation shall keep the law by reason of his vigilance, he has done what he cannot undo. He has violated a principle of immutability.

View President Marshall keeps on "dragging himself" from obscurity by protesting that he eats hockeys for dinner every day. That's nothing. Virginians eat it three times a day, and little Virginians have it between meals with cherry preserves spread over it.

Let us thank our lucky stars that the City Democratic Committee has the ability to do with the water situation. They might order a referendum on the issue.

Rhubarb seems to grow bolder on a declining market. Some candidates put their pictures on their cards and others are in the hands of their friends.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Mower.
Who never to himself has said:
"To-morrow I arise at dawn
To mow the lawn?"

Yells there a cat, whose piercing
dream
Disturbed not this poor man's
And till midnight keeps him awake
For love's sweet sake?

Ticks there a clock whose prompt
alarm
Though faithful, does not lose its
charm
To him whose slumber it would stem
At 4 A. M.?

Sleeps there a wife, by any chance,
Who knows where she can find the
pans
That last year he was wont to use,
And his old shoes?

Lives there the man who ever found
His lawn mower till he'd hunted
round
The neighborhood about an hour,
To make it run?

Is there a mower that's been abused,
That comes back home fit to be used,
Without two hours' work being done
To make it run?

Lives there the man who does not take
His mower and hide it, with his rake,
And hire a man to trim his lot?
No, I guess not.

Pity the Poor Microbe.

It is announced that the University of California has received a donation of \$100,000 from the rich and the fund to be used in research work among the microbes. It may seem to the lay mind that nearly all of the possible microbes had been discovered already, but this is a common error. The scientists have never yet failed to come to the front with a new microbe when there seemed to be no more to be discovered. They have discovered them in large and diversified quantities about ten years ago, and the dollar-bill microbe, the door-handle microbe, the telephone microbe, the roller towel microbe, the handshake microbe, the kiss microbe and enough others to fill seven columns in a newspaper printed in agate type.

It is sometimes a question how the forefathers would have liked to do everything that they should not do and defend all these germs. With but very few advances they have lived to a ripe old age and the microbes were all about them as thick as mosquitoes in New Orleans. Now, however, they know that the work of discovery has secured such a grand start it seems as though it should be pushed to a finish, if there is a finish.

Signs of the Times.
Uncle Joe Cannon is writing for the magazines for a living. Luckily for him he has a large private fortune. When it comes to calling the colored names, most people are willing to let George Newell do it.

The new fire bill admits curling stones free. Hoot, hoot! Is this a bid for the Scotch vote?

Twenty-five philopoi men are missing. Maybe they are only asleep somewhere.

Burbank might invent a stinkless mosquito and not make many enemies thereby.

Courtney Katsura, who is trying to overthrow the present Cabinet on account of the American situation, and this should be a warning to all members of the board, a half dozen voters I swear that I would not, and to-night I venture the further assertion that there are 12,000 voters in the city who would, if they could, by a stroke of the pen, abolish the whole thing and go back in preference to our old, antiquated system.

Without malice, may I ask you where are our officers of the law when a "public enemy" goes to the mark? The whole thing is a knife, poison, and wholesale slaughter. My opinion is that the whole board should be impeached and then put under heavy peace bonds.

In conclusion, let me urge you to keep up the war against graft, greed, ignorance and criminal indifference to the public welfare. You have the support of us "common people."

As the board, why they fail to speak up and keep such residents as we as South Fifth, Fourth, Third, Second, and First, our tax rate is high enough, if not, raise it again!

If the board said Mr. McCarthy in particular, we know how the voters feel about the contention, let them call on you for my name and address, and I will give them four evenings each week from 6:30 P. M. to 10 P. M. taking in the case of Madison Ward, and they will and we are 100 per cent for Levy and against the board.

I subscribe myself, very faithfully yours,
VOTER.

Voice of the People

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—At the imminent risk of being blown up by a dynamite bomb placed beneath my feet by Administrator (C) McCarthy, I venture to write to enter my protest against the outrageous language he this morning directed towards the editors and owners of The Times-Dispatch.

McCarthy, I never thought I would see a day when I would have to publicly show my indignation for a man who has been so plainly shown his unfitness for a position of trust and responsibility, and a deep sense of personal responsibility, than this absurd and childish outburst.

As a rather common performance, and entirely unworthy of a member of the Administrative Board, it appears to me that it is a disgraceful and unworthy act, and if he is unable or unwilling to stand his ground, criticism from an editor when it is the editor's opinion that he has been guilty of an error of judgment, then he should resign his membership in the board and retire to some calm spot where his delicate feelings and gentle sensibilities will not be ruffled by the slings and arrows of an unfeeling and cold-hearted world. I suggest that he resign his membership in the board, and retire to some calm spot where his delicate feelings and gentle sensibilities will not be ruffled by the slings and arrows of an unfeeling and cold-hearted world. I suggest that he resign his membership in the board, and retire to some calm spot where his delicate feelings and gentle sensibilities will not be ruffled by the slings and arrows of an unfeeling and cold-hearted world.

Let 1913 be a flyless year—

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.
It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry kyan by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

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Abe Martin

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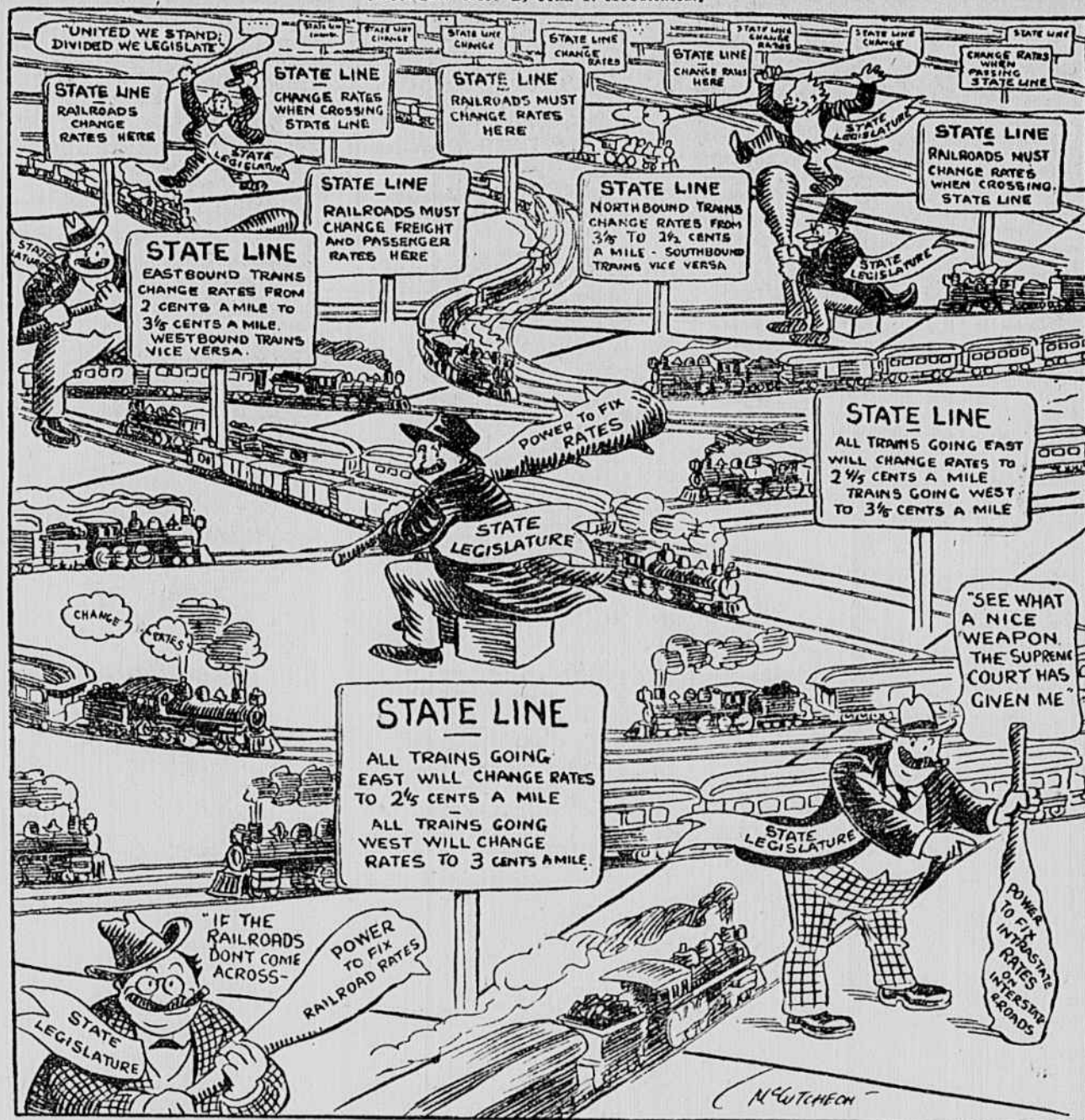
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STATE RIGHTS WITH A VENGEANCE.

By John T. McCutcheon.

(Copyright, 1913, By John T. McCutcheon.)



must be a resident of the city of Richmond.
Yours truly,
READER.

Another Opinion.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—As a voter, taxpayer, citizen, husband and father, I wish to express my protest against the action of the board of directors of the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company, who have just voted to increase the rates of freight and passenger trains.

I am, in truth and candor, compelled to admit that I voted for Captain McCarthy, but if the election was to come up to-morrow I don't believe that my vote (Madison) would give him, or any other member of the board, a half dozen votes I swear that I would not, and to-night I venture the further assertion that there are 12,000 voters in the city who would, if they could, by a stroke of the pen, abolish the whole thing and go back in preference to our old, antiquated system.

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I subscribe myself, very faithfully yours,
VOTER.

Memory.

The daylight dies, the sun's pale rays depart
Beneath the brightening stars that
And in the hush of coming night my heart

Thrills with sweet echoes from the
harp of love.
'Tis Memory somewhere in the shadows
dim,
Playing an old, old song I used to sing,
I see her as the moon climbs up the sky,
A drooping figure in its silvery light,
Watching the banished dreams drift softly by,
From out the past again into the night.

While o'er the harp her lingering fingers stray,
Striking anew the old, old melody,
And thus each night I hear her singing low,
The song of love life teaches all to sing,
Until I walk the path of long ago
Within a beside me in the twilight dim,
And once again beneath the starlight's gleams,
We pause to linger at the Gate of Dreams.

Put Memory's voice is sinking, sinking low,
The harp hangs silent in her slender hand,
Life calls to me and I must rise and go,
A moment more I see her listening stand,
Then as the falling tears obscure my sight,
She turns and disappears into the night.

AMANDA R. CORDES.
Richmond.

A Call to Reformers.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch:
Sir,—Permit me to thank you for publishing in to-day's paper my "Call for Reform." Will not all papers in the State favorable to this "call" re-publish it, or, at any rate, call attention to the alarming condition of things revealed by the Auditor of Public Accounts in his report for 1912?

The time has come when all who love the honor and welfare and reputation of Virginia should make a move for reform. Otherwise the August primary will perpetuate the "machine government" which has brought upon us this deplorable condition of things.

Suppose a conference of some of our leading and most patriotic citizens be held in Richmond on Saturday, July 6,

to map out a program for the reformers. If not, we shall have to elect at the primary, August 5, delegates to a State convention to be held August 27 to select a platform and nominate candidates for all officers in the State. Will not the conservative press of the State come to the relief of the reformers and help us out of this difficult situation?

Yours truly,
RICHARD V. GAINES.

The Deaf Man.

How silly must that man appear
Who makes no noise, but cannot hear
A single word
Unless you howl at him so loud
You disconcert the entire crowd,
Or be unheard.

You tell a joke, the point is gone
Unless you are a megaphone
In perfect trim.
For otherwise what just before
Had set the table in a roar
"Is Greek to him?"

And yet he laughs, the hypocrite!
As though he heard it every bit.
As did the rest.
If frank, he does not crack a smile,
But sits there silent all the while,
"Midst fun and jest.

He goes to church, is bored to death
(On him the preacher wastes his breath).
He comes away.
Resolved religion don't require
That he should act the pious liar.
But watch and pray.

If fond of music, he must prepare
To bid farewell to every air.
Least sung or played
Fortissimo, with such a roar
That he'd a half of mile or more—
A cannonade.

Love's eloquence, Demosthenes
Must split his diaphragm to please
And reach his ear.
Lovers ladies company, Oh, my!
He makes the fair sex moan and sigh
When he is near.

Poor man! One-fifth of him is dead;
One-tenth on each side of his head;
While all the rest
Of senses feel the cruel blow
That laid the sense of hearing low,
And are distressed.

Then add to all that as a rule,
A deaf man looks just like a fool,
And knows it, too;
And tries to hide it, as you see,
When in a crowd he chance to be,
And so would you.

Tell me, ye winged winds that sweep,
When can a deaf man go and weep?
I wish to know.
'Tis easy, and I give the "tip."
Go home at once and pack your grip
For Jericho.

For that's what others recommend,
In undertone should be your end,
When bored to death,
By answering questions in a key
Annoying to the last degree,
From lack of breath.

But "compensations" (I am told),
In all of Nature's work unfold
And make amends.
For loss elsewhere, the deaf man's this,
His want of hearing makes him miss
Untidily end
Of being bored to death by those
Whose verbal stream no stoppage
He knows.

With foe or friend,
DUVAL PORTER.
Casade.

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QUERIES & ANSWERS

"Twinkle, Little Star."

With thanks to several correspondents who locate it for us, we give the Latin form of "Twinkle, Little Star."

Mica, mica, parva stella,
Miror quoniam sis tam bella,
Splendens eminus in illo,
Alba velut gemma caelo.

Quando fervens sol discessit
Nec calore praeit passit
Nix ostendit lumen purum
Micans, micans per obscurum.

Tibi, nocti qui vagatur,
O tu scintillans statutus;
Ni nubes tu non scieris
Quas per vias errans iret.